

# Good Morning 584

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

In peace it carried the proud title "London by the Sea"; in war it has been described as "the shabbiest town in England"; but Brighton still lives, and as the war clouds clear, it emerges bright with the promise of a more wonderful future. Staff reporter DEREK HEBENTON recently paid it a visit and this is what he says about the Home Town.

AFTER four years as a front-line town, Brighton is returning to its peace-time life, and the visitors are flocking back to "London by the Sea."

The process of changing the town from a carefree holiday resort into a possible battle-ground was begun in Brighton, as it was all over the country, on that first day of September, 1939.

The town weathered the first storm, but in the spring months of 1940, as Hitler's armies swept up the French coast, so very few miles away across the Channel, Brighton suffered its biggest blow of the war.

The defence authorities put down a ban on bathing, and closed the entire sea front in July, 1940, a restriction which remained in force until last summer.

The curfew, as originally laid down, took effect from black-out time, and when this had crept forward to 8.30 it was anything but funny for the people living in the area.

This state of affairs was not in existence for long; the curfew time on the front was fixed at 10.30.

In the spring of 1941 came the first of the orders banning visitors from the town, bans which continued on and off until last summer, when the last ban was lifted.

The dodges Londoners and others adopted to enter the town for a day's sea air were numerous and varied, but the police were not often beaten, and the number of people caught and convicted was high.

For those who did get in,

what was there to do? The promenade was banned even to local residents, and the beach was certainly beyond the reach of any ordinary mortal, so what could the poor ban-breaker do?

He couldn't go on either of the piers, for both the Palace and West Piers had been sliced in two. Those pieces of the piers which hadn't been sacrificed to the sea had been clothed in the masses of barbed wire which extended along the entire front, and which, with the formidable concrete blocks, not only prevented anyone landing from the sea, but also prevented anyone from even seeing the sea.

So what was our ban-breaker to do now? He had risked a fine to get into the area, he had found it impossible to even get near the sea, and on turning to the cinemas found them full of Brightonians who had nowhere else to go.

So the man who had dared the wrath of the authorities found himself with nothing to see, and on turning round to find something to eat, discovered that just as it had been hard to find entertainment so was it equally difficult to find food for the "inner man."

Yes, Brighton was really a front-line town in those days, and with the ban cutting off the visitors, and, with them, the town's main source of income, the municipal funds were running low.

There was fun in the Council Chambers in those days, with the town being described as "the shabbiest town in England." So poor was the town that an Economy Committee of three was set up, headed by the late Alderman Sir Herbert Carden.

They did their best to cut down the town's expenses to a certain extent before they resigned, after complaining that they "were not being given a

free hand." They did succeed in cutting a considerable sum out of the expenditure total before their reign ended, and it was the Mayor himself who came off worst in their hands.

He had his allowance drastically cut, and was deprived of his secretary and his official car, which put more work on the shoulders of his Worship.

The face of the town was drastically changed, both by our own war defence measures and by Hitler's bombers.

Indeed, many was the time the Germans claimed to have all-but wiped out the town, but the residents just laughed and went on with their jobs.

One of the casualties of the war has been the beautiful eastern lawn of the Royal Pavilion, which was turned into allotments in 1940. The turf which was taken up from this site had not been disturbed since the gardens were originally formed for the Prince Regent a few years before Napoleon threatened his invasion of this country.

The famous aquarium opposite the Palace Pier, was closed down in 1940, when many of the inmates were moved to safer places inland. Another war casualty was the well-known Royal Albion Hotel, the home of the late Sir Harry Preston, which was in the banned area, and which was closed down in 1940.

Now, at long last, Brighton is returning to normal. The barbed wire and concrete blocks are going, and the visitors are flowing again to get a look at the sea.

The piers are still in bad shape, but these can be readily overlooked when you get your first glimpse of the Brighton front for so many years.

Opposite the Southern Railway Station, after a sixty minutes' run down from London, you see facing you the Queen's Head, which, believe me, is a welcome sight in these days of buffet-less trains.

Further down the road is another hotel, which is rapidly becoming one of the most popular in Brighton. It is no imposing building and stands in no spacious grounds, but is squeezed in between two very small shops. The attraction is a very small sign in the corner of the bar window which tells the world in general that this is Tommy Farr's Bar.

Yes, this is where Britain's ex-heavyweight champion, the man who held his own with Joe Louis for fifteen rounds, is spending his days now that he is finished with fighting.

He is a popular figure both here and in other parts of the town that he has made his home, and anyone who goes through the door marked "Tommy Farr's Bar" is sure of

a warm welcome. One thing is certain; there's no brawling when Tommy's around.

Further down the main road, just before you get to the Clock Tower, is a favourite meeting place for submariners on leave, the Regent Cinema and Dance Hall. The Regent is just as popular as ever, and it is also a pretty safe bet that the Dome, too, will be well-attended.

This record attendance is even more surprising in view of the terrific popularity and drawing power of the S.S. Brighton, the town's ice-rink.

Ice-skating was, before the war, not everyone's cup of tea. Nowadays it seems to satisfy old and young alike, and this boom is not confined to Brighton, although the Sports Stadium has certainly prospered under the growing interest being taken in the sport.

For the people who like live entertainment of a less exciting nature than that provided by the ice-rink, there is still the Brighton Hippodrome, one of the finest variety theatres in the country. They still play to crowded houses here, and any first-class artist is sure of a good welcome from Brightonians.

The welcome which greets an old Brighton favourite, the one and only Max Miller, on his all too infrequent visits to his home town is really something. The other theatres in the town, the Grand and the Theatre Royal, are also doing

capacity business now, although it was thought in 1940 that the Royal would have to close down through lack of support.

The Royal, opened in 1807, was very near disaster in those days, but the theatre pulled through and is once again thriving.

Brighton's biggest theatre, the Imperial, built at the beginning of 1940 by a company headed by Jack Buchanan and Ralph Lynn, has since gone over to films, and the wise management is now reaping the profits of the cinema boom.

Further out from the town, Rottingdean, Preston Park and all the lovely spots which are part of Brighton, yet outside the town proper, are still flourishing. Fond as one can get of the dimmed-out lights and gaiety of the town, it is the very hard-hearted person who does not fall for the beauties of the land to the immediate east of the town, where the South Downs, which come right down to the sea, are unscarred by the progress of civilisation.

Out here is a favourite visiting spot for holiday-makers, a place where they can, in peace-time, recover from the gay lights of the town itself. All the time Brighton Corporation keeps these visitors flowing into the town, it can do nothing but prosper, and even in war-time the revenue coming in from these holiday-makers is helping Brighton to return from just another front-line town to again claim its proud title of "London by the Sea."

## Lovely 4-Year-Old Sends Kisses, A.B. Frank Timewell



She's just a little girl whom Santa Claus did NOT forget! You can see for yourself that young Margaret is happy as the day is long, A.B. Frank Timewell.

FOUR year-old Margaret asked us to send you her love and kisses when we called at Yellow Cottage, nr. Old Mill, Arborfield Cross, Reading, Berks, A.B. Frank Timewell.

Your daughter is looking very well, Frank, and Mrs. Heath tells us that she is being a good girl until you come home. She is quite happy now playing with young Veronica, and when we called they were still talking about the excitement of Christmas. They had a big Christmas tree, and plenty of presents,

they said. Margaret showed us a doll which she said had come from Santa Claus, and of course, we had to believe a lovely young lady as your daughter.

She is often speaking about you, and on her behalf we forward love and kisses to her Daddy.

So lovely did we think Margaret and her friend Veronica, we decided to liven the back page with a head of each. Just have a look, A.B. Timewell, and let us know what you think of 'em both.



'H'm, strange! I heard he'd lost his heart to a certain Miss Witherspoon, but anyway, have another look!'

## Home Town News

PROFESSOR ARTHUR PAN REPLY DISCOURTEOUS.

L.-CPL. A. J. FORD, of 1 Elm Cottages, Plympton, South Devon, was up to his knees in mud in N.W. Europe, helping to put a wounded lad on a stretcher, when he was handed a "letter from home."

The missive proved to be a note from the Plympton Rural Council, advising him that his garden hedge needed pruning and giving him "14 days' notice to get it in order."

L.-Cpl. Ford, who left England soon after D-Day, replied with a "snorter." It is unlikely that the local Council will bother him again!

The Churchill portrait took Professor Pan six months to complete. "Mr. Churchill," the Professor confides, "was certainly a very difficult sitter. He wouldn't sit still for long!"

In fact, Professor Pan had to do much of the work from memory.

A professional secret of Professor Pan's is worth recording for the benefit of amateurs. "I always do the eyes first," he says. "They are the most important point, and I always get them right."

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

# THE WORLD

WHEN H. Ferguson Hedges, millionaire promoter, in- allegation of facts begins, Hedges vestor and man-about-New-York, was bidding dull care begone on turned his thoughts upon matters the company of five or six good convivial, and word of it went fellows—acquaintances and friends “down the line,” bouncers took who had gathered in his wake.

On the evening that the material they hove-to long enough to revile the statue of the great navigator, unpatriotically rebuking him for having voyaged in search of land instead of liquids. Midnight overtook the party marooned in the rear of a cheap cafe far uptown.

As a money power of a one-millionaire is of small account in a city where the man who cuts your slice of beef behind the free-lunch counter rides to work in his own automobile. But Hedges spent his money as lavishly, loudly and showily as though he were only a clerk squandering a week's wages.

And, after all, the bartender takes no interest in your reserve fund. He would rather look you up on his cash register than in the Bradstreet.

Among them were two younger men—Ralph Merriam, a broker, and Wade, his friend.

Two deep-sea cabmen were chartered. At Columbus Circle they hove-to long enough to revile the statue of the great navigator, unpatriotically rebuking him for having voyaged in search of land instead of liquids. Midnight overtook the party marooned in the rear of a cheap cafe far uptown.

Hedges was arrogant, over-riding and quarrelsome. He was burly and tough, iron-grey but vigorous, “good” for the rest of the night. There was a dispute—about nothing that matters—the five-fingered words were passed—the words that represent the glove cast into the lists. Merriam played the role of the verbal Hotspur.

# AND THE DOOR

If you like a yarn that races along like a Bob Hope radio show, and carries a sting in its tail like a scorpion, then O. HENRY is the man for you. Here's one of the maestro's best.

Hedges rose quickly, seized his chair, swung it once and smashed wildly down at Merriam's head. Merriam dodged, drew a small revolver and shot Hedges in the chest. The leading roysterer stumbled, fell in a wry heap, and lay still.

Wade, a commuter, had formed that habit of promptness. He juggled Merriam out a side door, walked him to the corner, ran him a block and caught a hansom. They rode five minutes and then got out on a dark corner and dismissed the cab. Across the street the lights of a small saloon betrayed its hectic hospitality.

“Go in the back room of that saloon,” said Wade, “and wait. I'll go find out what's doing and let you know. You may take two drinks while I am gone—no more.”

At ten minutes to one o'clock Wade returned.

“Brace up, old chap,” he said. “The ambulance got there just as I did. The doctor says he's dead. You may have one more drink. You let me run this thing for you. You've got to skip. I don't believe a chair is legally a deadly weapon. You've got to make tracks, that's all there is to it.”

Merriam complained of the cold querulously, and asked for another drink. “Did you notice what big veins he had on the back of his hands?” he said. “I never could stand—I never could—”

“Take one more,” said Wade,

“and then come on. I'll see you through.”

Wade kept his promise so well that at eleven o'clock the next morning Merriam, with a new suit-case full of new clothes and hair-brushes, stepped quietly on

board a little 500-ton fruit steamer at an East River pier. The vessel had brought the season's first cargo of limes from Port Limon, and was homeward bound. Merriam had his bank balance of \$2,800 in his pocket, in large bills, and brief instructions to pile up as much water as he could between himself and New York. There was no time for anything more.

From Port Limon Merriam worked down the coast by schooner and sloop to Colon, thence across the isthmus to Panama, where he caught a tramp bound for Callao and such intermediate ports as might tempt the discursive skipper from his course.

It was at La Paz that Merriam (Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. A toupet is a false curl, woman's hat, tall wine-glass, motion in ballet dancing?
2. Who was called the Man of Destiny?
3. What is the other popular name given to the Cape gooseberry?
4. What is the shortest verse in the Bible?

5. What is “Occam's Razor”?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Father, Daughter, Son Mother, Wife, Uncle.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 583

1. Musical instrument.
2. Cat.
3. 119th Psalm.
4. Peter the Great, of Russia.
5. Russia.
6. Son does not belong to the same generation as the others.

## JOKE CORNER



“TALK ABOUT A RUSH, MRS. SYMINGTON! — I ALMOST FORGOT TO POLISH MY NAILS.”



“What's the idea? All I said was ‘Chin-chin!’”

## I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



NOVEMBER is mayor-making time in Britain's towns and cities, and I've found out a few quaint customs observed every year in Newcastle-on-Tyne that will not only interest Geordies in the Submarine Service, but blokes from other places as well.

For instance, when dapper Tom Clements became Lord Mayor of this ancient burg for the second year in succession on November 9th, he had two strange things to do.

First, he had to wind up the old grandfather clock that is 166 years old—and then he had to take the 3d. bit out of the priceless gold snuff box and see to it that it was topped up with something to make the councillors sit up and take notice.

Now, the clock is worth another paragraph. It is wound up once every year—by the newly appointed Lord Mayor, immediately after he has taken the oath of office. It ticks away behind the ceremonial chair in the Mayor's Parlour, never gains and never loses, and is ready for rewinding when November 9th comes round again.



THE golden snuff box was presented to the Lord Mayors 130 years ago by one who had held the high office. Ornately carved, it is oblong in shape. When the box was originally handed over, threepence was sufficient to keep it filled with snuff for a whole year, but things have changed since then.

To-day, Lord Mayors hand over the box and the 3d. bit when relinquishing office, but this year Alderman Clements had to hand it to himself!

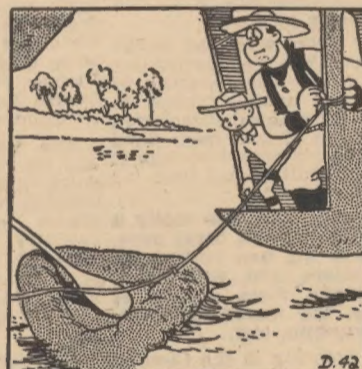
“It was originally introduced into the Council Chamber to awaken members who felt drowsy,” he told me. “When I see anyone dropping off to sleep, I immediately ask the Sheriff to hand round the snuff box—but it is hardly ever used for that purpose to-day. Some of the members of the Council like an occasional pinch of snuff, though, and the box always precedes me—along with the Mace—into the Chamber.”

But even though there are picturesque ceremonies associated with modern mayor-making, the old ceremonial is dying out.

## BEELEZEBUB JONES



RIGHT-HO, ZEKE—HAUL AWAY!



D.42



WAIT TILL I GETS ME LASSOO, TUMBLEWEED—I MIGHT BE ABLE TUH ROPE ONE OF THEM DINOSAURS!



YEP, KID—JEST ONE DINOSAUR!

AND I GITS A BAR TUH ME F.Z.S!

## BELINDA



SAY, WHAT'S ON YA MIND, PADRE?—BULL AN' MOST OF HIS TOUGHS HAVE JOINED US. HAVEN'T THEY?

YES, THANKS TO YOU, MY DEAR!—BUT I DON'T ALTOGETHER BELIEVE IN SUDDEN CONVERSIONS, YOU KNOW...



THE CLUB IS ONLY A BEGINNING!—I AM GOING TO VISIT THE HOMES OF THESE POOR, NEGLECTED LADS AND SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT THEIR SCHOOLING AND SOCIAL WELFARE...



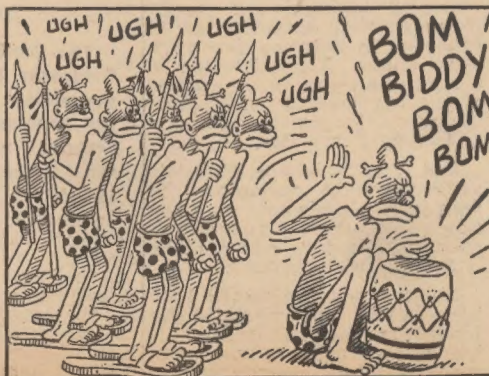
BUT I WANT YOU TO VISIT BOMB ALLEY ITSELF—AND SEE IF THEY ARE STILL UP TO THEIR OLD TRICKS, AND UNDER BULLDOZERS LEADERSHIP—

—AND ARE MERELY USING THE CLUB AS A CLOAK FOR THEIR LAWLESS ACTIVITIES!



GEE!—YOU SURE GIVE ME THE TOUGH ASSIGNMENTS, PADRE!—BUT I RECKON I GET YA MEANING—AN' I'LL DO IT...

## POPEYE

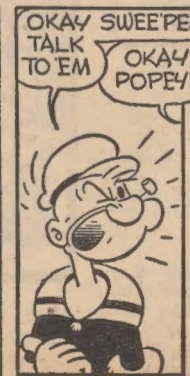


BOM BIDDY BOM BOM BOM



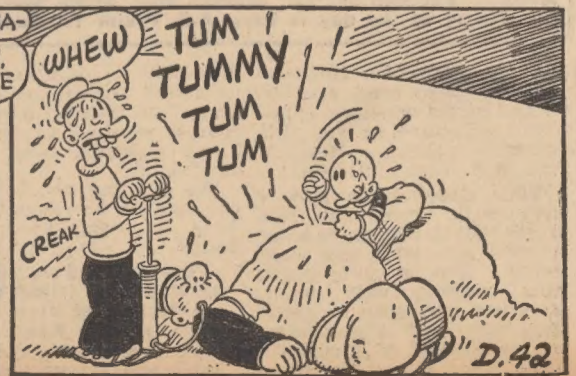
BIDDY BOM BOM

HAH



OKAY SWEETPEA—TALK TO EM

OKAY, POPEYE



WHEW! TUM TUMMY TUM TUM

CREAK

D.42

# WANGLING WORDS

1. Fill in the missing letters and make a common word: N\*V\*R\*H\*L\*S\*.
2. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: HIND into FORE, and SOAP into BOWL.
3. What port has MO for the exact middle of its name?
4. In the following, the two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The old professor never allowed cleaners in his —.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 522

1. HALLOWEEN, MICHAELMAS.
2. WEYMOUTH—GRIMSBY.
3. (a) Primer, (b) Indiscriminate.
4. Alas-Ka, Pe-ru.

# JANE

The Front Line Follies have occupied the castle



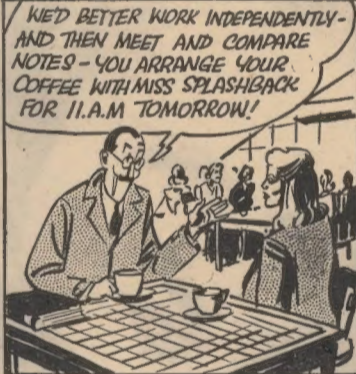
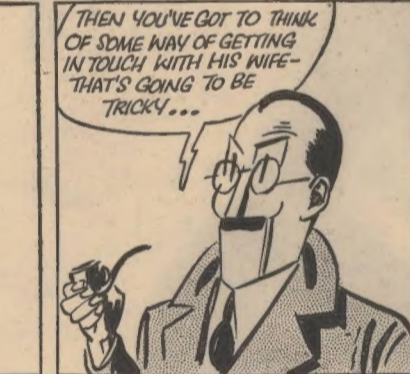
WELL, NOW YOU'RE SNUGLY SETTLED IN I'LL LEAVE YOU AND SCOUT ROUND FOR OUR TROOPS!



As he goes Jane fancies she hears the sound of a hunting-horn—



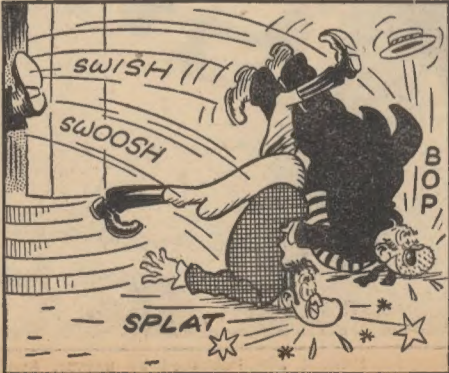
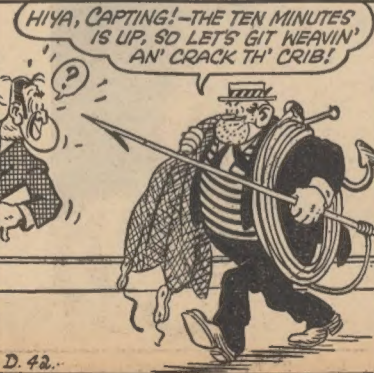
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# THE WORLD AND THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 2) decided to land—La Paz the Beautiful, a little harbourless town smothered in a living green ribbon that banded the foot of a cloud-piercing mountain. Here the little steamer stopped to tread water while the captain's dory took him ashore that he might feel the pulse of the coconut market. Merriam went too, with his suit-case, and remained.

Kalb, the vice-consul, a Graeco-Armenian citizen of the United States, born in Hessen-Darmstadt, and educated in Cincinnati ward primaries, considered all Americans his brothers and bankers.

He attached himself to Merriam's elbow, introduced him to every one in La Paz who wore shoes, borrowed ten dollars and went back to his hammock. There was a little wooden hotel in the edge of a banana grove, facing the sea, that catered to the tastes of the few foreigners that had dropped out of the world into the Peruvian town. At Kalb's introductory: "Shake

hands with —," he had obediently exchanged manual salutations with a German doctor, one French and two Italian merchants, and three or four Americans who were spoken of as gold men, rubber men, mahogany men—anything but men of living tissue.

After dinner Merriam sat in a corner of the broad front gallery with Bibb, a Vermonter interested in hydraulic mining, and smoked and drank Scotch "smoke."

The moonlit sea, spreading infinitely before him, seemed to separate him beyond all apprehension from his old life. The horrid tragedy in which he had played such a disastrous part now began, for the first time since he stole on board the fruiter, a wretched fugitive, to lose its sharper outlines. Distance lent assuagement to his view. Bibb had opened the flood-gates of a stream of long-dammed discourse, the only white woman in La Paz. The rest range from a dappled audience that had not suffered

under a hundred repetitions of his views and theories. "One year more," said Bibb, "and I'll go back to God's country. Oh, I know it's pretty here, and you get *dolce far niente* handed to you in chunks, but this country wasn't made for a white man to live in.

"You've got to have to plug through snow now and then, and see a game of baseball and wear a stiff collar and have a policeman cuss you.

"Still, La Paz is a good sort of a pipe-dreamy old hole. And Mrs. Conant is here. When any of us feels particularly like jumping into the sea we rush around to her house and propose. It's nicer to be rejected by Mrs. Conant than it is to be drowned. And they say drowning is a delightful sensation."

"Many like her here?" asked Merriam. "Not anywhere," said Bibb, with a comfortable sigh. "She's the only white woman in La Paz. The rest range from a dappled

key. She's been here a year. Comes from—well, you know how a woman can talk—ask 'em to say 'string' and they'll say 'crow's foot' or 'cat's cradle.'

Sometimes you'd think she was from Oshkosh, and again from Jacksonville, Florida, and the next day from Cape Cod."

"Mystery?" ventured Merriam.

"M—well, she looks it; but her talk's translucent enough. But that's a woman. I suppose if the Sphinx were to begin talking she'd merely say: 'Goodness me! more visitors coming for dinner, and nothing to eat but the sand which is here.' But you won't think about that when you meet far as the little cold river that came her, Merriam. You'll propose tumbling down the foothills. There they stopped for a drink, and Merriam spoke his piece—he proposed, as Bibb had prophesied.

To make a hard story soft, Merriam did meet her and propose to her. He found her

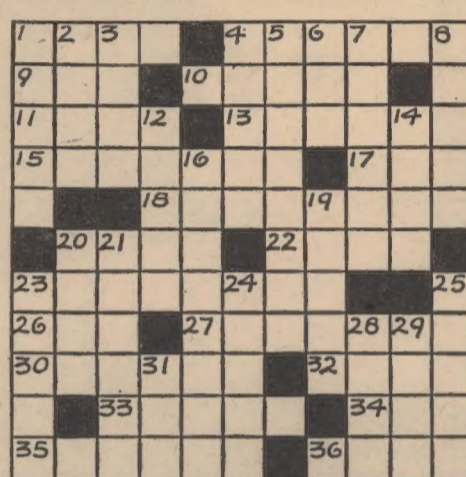
to be a woman in black with hair the colour of a bronze turkey's wings, and mysterious, remembering eyes that—well, that looked as if she might have been a trained nurse looking on when Eve was created.

Her words and manner, though, were translucent, as Bibb had said. She spoke, vaguely, of friends in California and some of the lower parishes in Louisiana. The tropical climate and indolent life suited her; she had thought of buying an orange grove later on; La Paz, all in all, charmed her.

One afternoon he and Mrs. Conant hired two ponies and rode out along the mountain trail as far as the little cold river that came her, Merriam. You'll propose tumbling down the foothills. There they stopped for a drink, and Merriam spoke his piece—he proposed, as Bibb had prophesied.

(More to-morrow)

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Cook.  
4 Stops.  
9 Negligent.  
10 Vacillate.  
11 Verbal.  
13 Small and dainty.  
15 Lover.  
17 Hiatus.  
18 Error.  
20 Discharged.  
22 Glass.  
23 Go on.  
26 Vase.  
27 Small boxes.  
30 Edible seed.  
32 Spill.  
33 Pale violet.  
34 Girl's name.  
35 Clear away.  
36 Non-flowering plant.

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Pretext. 2 Firm. 3 Test. 4 Headlands. 5 Surplus. 6 Allow. 7 Source. 8 Went majestically. 12 Restrict. 14 Thrashes. 16 Deride. 19 Smokes. 20 Be intent. 21 Records. 23 Winged boy. 24 African province. 25 Poplar. 28 In addition. 29 Journey. 31 Pinch.

8 POSSESSOR  
AWAKEN AIR  
CAR TOPICAL  
KNAP WAD TO  
W GAB R CON  
ATUNE THIRD  
RUN E SAT O  
DR MAR YAWN  
SEVERAL BEE  
EAR FEELER  
UNDERTONE S

## PHIZ QUIZ



He keeps a famous saloon on Broadway. Guests who shake hands with him generally regain the use of their fingers by the next day.

(Answer to-morrow)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 583:

Gary Cooper.

## NEW MAKE-UP DISCOVERY

POOL-PROOF make-up, the answer to a movie maiden's prayer, at last has become a reality.

After seven years of experimentation, Jack Dawn, M.-G.-M.'s make-up wizard, has finally perfected a virtually indestructible body cosmetic which neither fabrics nor water will blemish. Moreover, thanks to this innovation, glamour gals now can put their best face forward with a minimum of preparation. Dawn's creation has reduced time of application to seconds.

Like the telescopic lens, sound on film, and Technicolor, this smudge-proof, water resistant make-up marks a milestone in motion picture progress. Almost since the first camera turned, studio wardrobe heads have frowned over the cleaning costs of costumes soiled by ordinary make-up.

"The process blends with natural skin colouring," Dawn says, "and therefore is suitable for both Technicolor and black and white photography. Instead of masking complexions, as ordinary screen make-up does, this new creation provides a transparent covering which heightens flesh tones."

Dawn's make-up is unique in that it is first sponged on and the excess rubbed off by hand. It comes in a variety of shades, ranging from flesh pink to deep sun tan. In cake form, it is also available as rouge and eye shadow.

A few months ago Dawn was lauded by military surgeons for his contribution to plastic reconstruction on the faces of fighting men mutilated in battle. A variation of Dawn's sculptured make-up is used to mask facial blemishes beyond the reach of present-day plastic surgery.

Dick Gordon

# Good Morning

**THIS ENGLAND.** This is Broadway, but nobody in their senses would call it the "Great White Way," and, as far as we know, it's not where you go to see "those Broadway babies dance." It's a quiet village in the Cotswolds and hopes to keep that way.



★ If you asked us, A.B. Frank Timewell, we would say Margaret was as pretty as sixpence. If you pressed us further, we would say that you were a lucky chap, Frank. And, if you persisted, we would say "Just look at those eyes, man!" And, moreover, Veronica is a lovely child. Your Margaret and young Veronica are going to have a lot of fun together, Frank, unless we miss our guess.

## HER VOICE RAISED THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.

Just why Universal's singing star, Susanna Foster, should be entangled in a fishing-net escapes us. But if she is typical of the catches being landed these days, we're getting a smack rightaway.



Now we know why there's a beer shortage in High Beech, Essex! Seems Mrs. McPherson, of "The Owl," keeps Shetland ponies, and seems these ponies like beer. It's remarkable how few animal lovers there are in High Beech these days!



"If there's one thing that gets in her hair, it's cats."

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

